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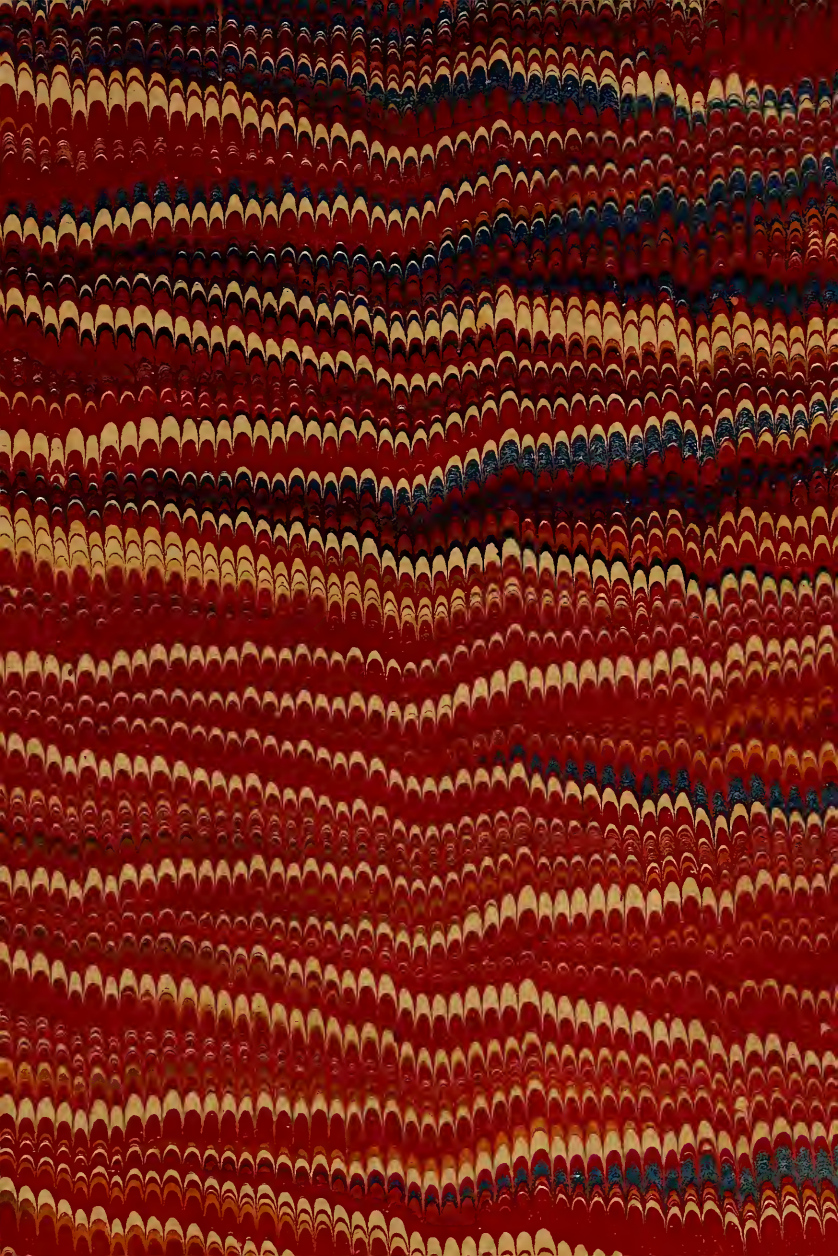

KOSSUTH COPPERED,

OR

The Banquet at the Capital of Laputa.

(K****th Reviewing the New York Militia.)

CONTAINING

GULLIVER'S GREAT SPEECH.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. BELLEW.

NEW YORK:
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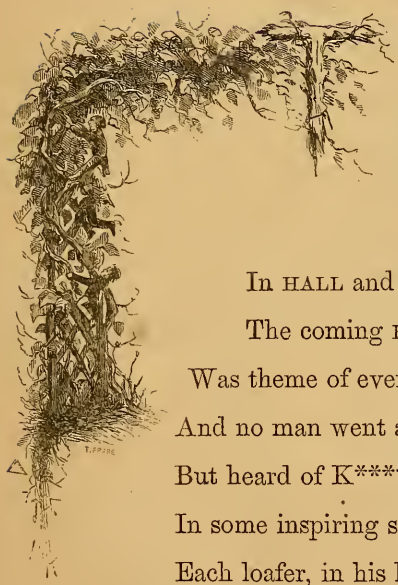
Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1852, by Thomas Frere, in the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A portion of this poem appeared, some weeks ago, in the New York Herald.

Geo. W. Wood, Printer, No. 2 Dutch-street.

THE BANQUET.



THE WHITE HOUSE was a-stir,
In CONGRESS, men were mute:
The wonder of the year,
Was this new saint, K****th!

In HALL and street,
The coming FETE
Was theme of every tongue;
And no man went abroad that day,
But heard of K****th, on the way,
In some inspiring song!
Each loafer, in his hungry pause,
Spoke glibly of the apostle's cause,
And eloquently swore that he
Would help down-trodden H* * * * * y.

In PARLOR, maids and ladies bright
Spoke of the exile with delight:

And all enraptured seemed;
While Gr******d GRACE-FULLY declared,
"The more his head divinely beamed,
The more a body stared!"
And her sweet eyes ran o'er!
The more she gazed the more
The lady was enthused!
She mused, and mused, and mused!
And fell asleep, and dreamed
Of young Messiahs,
Or—something pious!

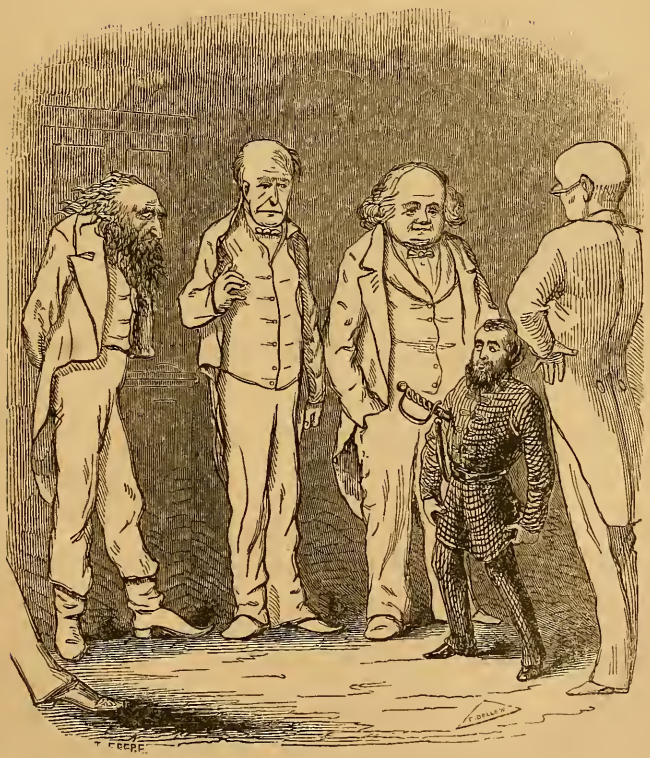
In CHAMBERS, nurses used the name,
Th' unruly urchin thus to tame,
And quiet his young yells!
Teaching his little tongue to toot
Immaculate K****th:—
(Pronounc'd unlike it spells.)

And, lo! the hour's approach,
When K****th goes to dine!
See omnibus and coach,
And liveries that shine,
Thronging the avenue,
At BROWN'S, to get "a view!"

But hark, the angry crowd,
Muttering aloud:

"What disappointment's this?
We're put off with a quiz!
We came the ELEPHANT to see—
Is that the great grandee?
That little *fell* with sword and sash,
And very fierce mustache?"

* * * * *



The FEAST was spread;—
And overhead

Flaunted, arousing, warlike flags;
The Stripes and Stars,
Beseeching wars,
High waved above the other rags:
And, far down in the same saloon,
You could behold,
In colors bold,
The meek-eyed Turkish MOON;
Old England's LION too was there,
Quiet at first within his lair;
But suddenly he sought to break
His bars, to get a piece of steak—
Aroused by the delicious breeze
That fann'd his nose, and made him sneeze.
These three—the BEAST, and MOON and STARS,
United once in freedom's wars,
In solidarity arrayed,
Could all creation make afraid!

At that same FEAST were men as great
As ever ruled an ancient State;
With tongues as long, and heads as big
As ever toss'd a powder'd wig;
With voices, too, to wake creation
To listen to each grand oration!
Aspiring there, on stilts they stood,
After demolishing the food,

Cutting great attitudes and shapes,
And climbing higher to get more grapes.
Ah! pleasant was it then to see
The patriotic rivalry
Which each inspired, with thoughts divine,
In FAME'S great gallery to shine!

The FEAST was spread:
And the GRACE was said,
In many a noble sentiment;
And every time the Chairman spoke,
Whether in earnest or in joke,
There came responses eloquent:
The great and wise,
The halt and lame,
With staring eyes,
To that BANQUET came!
The good and bad,
In their Sundays clad,
Were laughing all, as if very glad
Of a chance to see
A divinity
In the Governor of H****ry!
And there he sat, with his yellow sword
To grace him at that festive board!
A sword more innocent, by far,
Than the carving-knife that was making war

On the helpless carcases, in sight
Of the Chieftain's glittering eyes, that night.
You may not measure such a man
As that, by inches, no, nor span;
He to the vulgar eye, just seeing,
Appears to be a human being!
But mark his face, the sparkles of it
Proclaim him, what he is, a prophet!
Colossal pillars, made of thought,
Though unseen, with enchantment fraught,
Can sometimes lift a man, who aint
"Much punkins," up to be a saint!
And so, at least, it seems to be
With S****d's new divinity.

* * * *

The dishes off, the generous pledge
Sparkled on every goblet's edge;
The lauding toast was said, while rung
Plaudits, long lingering, from each tongue!
Uprose the CHIEF! eyes darted out—
And ears were prick'd to hear him spout!
His lip, unseen behind his beard,
Slow fashioning the awful word;
His eye, majestic in its roll,
Emitting sparklets from his soul;
His hand—uplifted to beseech—
Thus, tremulously ran

THE SPEECH:—*

"As once Cineas stood, of yore,
Rome's mighty SENATORS before,
And lifted up his arms and eyes,
In admiration and surprise,
That any set of men could be
So very full of dignity;
That any state, renowned or not,
Could be with majesty so fraught
As that same Rome, whose word or might
The universal world could fright:
So I, in admiration vast,
Surprised amongst you to be cast,
Survey these mighty men who come
To rule a greater state than Rome:—
A state whose towers are in the sky,
Where soars the bird of Liberty.

---

* That the reader may not be surprised that Gulliver should be able to deliver himself impromptu with such facility in verse, it is well to state that the BANQUET SPEECH was written and in type some time before its delivery. Kossuth seems to imitate Gulliver in this manner of extemporaneous eloquence, for we see it stated, in reference to his late visit to Albany, that "his speech was written in the morning, and it appeared in the papers long before he concluded speaking. His secretary and himself manifested much indignation, and remarked that the printers had betrayed his confidence, as they promised him not to circulate it until delivered." If it be true that this indignation was manifested, the evidence is clear that Kossuth wishes to pass his speeches off as the efforts of momentary inspiration. This is in perfect keeping with his divine mission, as he has, on various occasions, declared that he was the *instrument of Providence.*

"Your glorious Hall, with marble sill,
Erected on yon snow-clad hill,
Contains, collected in one heap,
Three hundred heads, profoundly deep;—
Deep in the learning of the age,—
For every man appears a sage!
While Rome's proud Capitol remains,
The empty skull of ancient brains,
Without the spirit which of yore
Aloft its soaring EAGLE bore!

"Your Capitol, in glory standing,
My admiration still commanding,
Inspires me never to forget
That only I and Lafayette
Have thus been honored at your bars,
Where Kings can't come it—no, nor Czars!
And hence I jump at the belief
That you behold in me a chief—
A hero—not of wars, but words,
Though pointless, still as sharp as swords;
But not so dangerous by far
As iron weapons are in war."

"Your Capitol, which seems to be
Protected by Divinity,
Tho' lately covered o'er with fire,
Producing consternation dire,

Still stands, unshorn of its proportions,
With all its inside room for motions!
With all its marble pillars still
Upheaving it on yonder hill;
Its breathing monuments of brass
Dodging from votes in every pass,
And gazing, with enraptured eye,
Upon the artists' phantom sky,
Adorned with goddesses and cupids,
And saints, and martyrs, and quadrupeds ;
And pictured heads, from Cl—y's to C—bs,
Cornwallis's, and other daubs—
Where each proclaims its neighbor kin,—
Being finished with a double chin!
Where ART, still struggling after red,
Prick'd the pale cheek until it bled;
Where Indian men, in blanket shirts,
Lead squaws arrayed in satin skirts,—*
Your Capitol, adorned with these
Revealings of your histories,

---

* The pictures in the rotunda at the Capitol, supposed to be the ones referred to by the orator, are only tolerated because they commemorate interesting historical events. No one of this day, of any taste, would venture to admire them as specimens of art. In contrast with these very trifling paintings, the writer noticed, a few days ago, in the rotunda, a magnificent picture of PATRICK HENRY in the Treason Scene, by ROTHERMEL. This is altogether a masterly production, conceived and executed with the boldness which belongs alone to genius. This picture should be the property of the Government, and not of the "Art Union."

Still stands symbolic of the fall
Of tyrant, prince and feudal hall!

"Had I arrived in time, I'm sure,
(As once in Lilliput, of yore,
I did the Queen's imperial Hall
Put out with engine natural,)
I might perhaps have quenched the fire,
By throwing unfreezed water higher,
Without the aid of any vain
Contrivances to make it rain!
And thus I might have saved the pages
Of LIFE'S great book for future ages:
But let that pass;—your mighty brain
Will soon restore the Books again;
And what now seems misfortune's story,
Is the beginning of your glory.
For every man who thinks that he
Must interest posterity,
Will make a book or two each week,
And still have time enough to speak!
And hence your shelves will quickly be
Chock-full of immortality.

"The greatest glory of your land
Is taking exiles by the hand,
Whether they come with swords or flails,
Or Pachas with their twenty tails;

This TAIL of mine, of course you know,
Is brought along to swell the show;
To teach you how DEMOCRACY
Will be done up in Hun——ry,
When I, as history convinces,
Shall kill off potentates and princes,
And thrash the universe and Czar,
And quit the wars without a scar!
Giving sweet peace to all, by spreading
Democracy, and Kings beheading—
All without axes, spears, or swords,
But by the omnipotence of WORDS!

"Excuse me, gentlemen, my vein
Has led me with immoderate rein:—
To think of warring in the East,
In presence of this splendid feast,
Were sacrilege—I turn my eyes,
Amazed, upon the sacrifice!
Still wondering that the poor, in purse,
Could charm you with his broken verse.
Doubtless, 'tis luckiest to be poor;—
A sigh unlocks the grating door;—
A tear, unbidden, on the lid
Of Freedom's eye, is never chid:—
And therefore am I honored here,
With your sweet words and sweeter cheer:—

And this same table, which is spread
So bounteously with meat and bread
Before me, where insatiate eyes,
Bewildered are, with creams and pies,
Conspires to make the scene sublime,
And fascinates me into rhyme!

"The greatness of your rising State
Appears in every dish and plate;
But even in this you do but see
The sequences of history:—
In days of old, they used to rate
A hundred boars and bulls to bait
A dozen friends, in Roman regions—
(See Pompey's history and legends!)
Ah! the rude age; they knew not then
The luxury of a turkey-hen;
And their imaginations, big
With elephant, rejected pig;—
LUCULLUS with his famed APOLLO,
Is beat, in W*********n, all hollow:
He knew not of this rarity:
This fluid solidarity."

And here the Orator explained his theme,
By picking up a saucer of ice-cream;
And gave the audience a chance to shout,
And pour its wild enthusiasm out!
For well he knew the art to make men scream!

And many thought it very great,
That he could thus profoundly prate
Of eatables and the affairs of State!
And spend his learning at so high a rate!
And C**s and D******s, both delighted, said:
"The little fellow has a monstrous head."
And W******r smiled, and S****d, with his eyes
Intently rolling, uttered extacies!
While some, more calm, considered themselves roped—
And H****on pick'd his beaver up, and sloped!

"Well, let us change the theme," the speaker said,
And rolled his eyes round in his wizard head;
"When British statesmen, rudely bent
On chaining down this continent,
Conspired to raise your taxes higher,
They roused, at once, your warlike ire,
Which spread, like a consuming fire;—
And every vale and every hill
Teemed with the people's iron will:
You lifted up your arms in fray,
And won the glorious victory!
Ah! happy State; in that dark day
You had a friend to show "fair play!"
And France, with Lafayette to lead
With force, your glorious cause to plead,
Brought operative aid and arms,
To shelter you in battle's storms!

Ah! what a jewel is 'fair play!'
We have it not; usurpers sway
The destiny of Europe now;
And FRANCE, free FRANCE has fallen low!
Napoleon's bold and perjured word
Has conquered FRANCE without a sword;
And Freedom's hope, tho' ne'er so bright,
Goes down into eternal night!
Paris is now the word of Fate!
The Czar is bowing at her gate;
And Kings—in fearful horde combined—
Array themselves against mankind.

"Alas! no longer can we hope
For Europe's help: a watery rope
Is not more frail than protestations
Of faith from kings to struggling nations;—
And Europe cannot show fair play
To Europe struggling in the fray.
Old England, glorious though she be,
The home of Regal liberty,
With princes free, and serfs oppressed—
Standing upon the people's breast—
Old England only now remains
To speak of liberty—in chains.
But what of that? In H——ry
We'll stand our ground, and 'live or die!'

And tho' I did not stand before,
In the fierce conflict of the hour,
It was not that the Austrian spear
Had terrors—but, the Russian bear!

Oh! had you seen his horrid teeth,
His fiery eyes, and smell'd his breath,
You had, with me, exclaimed, I know,
In broken English, 'Westward, ho!'
Yes, we will stand our ground, and be
The champions of liberty;
And, or in earnest or in whim,
We'll very surely 'sink or swim:'

You know the words—they are to you
Historic echoes—ever true!

"Despots—and this idea's new—
Despots conspire to save the few
By crushing millions. Terror now
O'erspreads the East, with gloomy brow!
And Silence, holding in its arm
The thunder of the coming storm,
Lies, listening, with its quiet ear,
The tempest's far-off dread career!
Who sow the wind, must reap, in rain,
Rattling and loud, the hurricane!
And I, my yellow scythe now ready,
With this same arm, so firm and steady,
Expect to cleave the clouds asunder,
And frighten back the coward thunder!"

And here the Orator, inspired
With matchless grace—with phrenzy fired,—
Did up an attitude so brown,
With lips half curled in smile and frown,
That old Apollo, had he seen it,
Would have knocked under in a minit!
While, at this eloquent appeal,
The audience, rising on its heel,
In shouts that broke Potomac's ice,
And rent the reeling edifice,
Inspired the Orator, anew
His great oration to pursue!

"The SILENCE which just now we saw,
Listening the hurricane with awe,
Was very sensible, but still
Its trance was broken by the shrill
Sharp sounds of musketry, which late,
In terror, bulleted a State!
While ruthless Bonaparte looked on
Delighted at a nation's groan!

"Ah, me! the sympathy I met
In England I can ne'er forget;
But expectation's high demand,
Permitted still on stilts to stand,
May not be realized this day,
And therefore—gently—*let us pray!*"

Another desperate attitude,
And then his theme he thus pursued:—

"'Tis but a prayer! What less, what more
Could be expected of the poor?
Take that away, and we are left
Hopeless indeed—of life bereft!
The poverty of man doth bring
Blessings upon its tattered wing;
It soothes the mind, and quells the vain
Endeavors of the aspiring brain;
And narrows down the lofty speech
Into the humble word, BESEECH!
Ah! 'tis a blessing to be poor!
One's taxes are so much the lower!

"Good friends, I know well where I stand:
Nor honors, threats, nor battle brand
Could make this child forget what's due
From H****ry and him to you!

Here I, in silence, must await
The potent judgment of your State;
I must abide your great decree,
Which kills me off, or makes me free!
Whate'er it be, I still must say—
Feasted and toasted on my way—
That fillibusters loudly spoke
Of armies and the battle shock!
Tho' driven back, I still must bless
Your people for my happiness!
As old Cineas sadly went,
(Tho' never man more eloquent,)
Back to his Prince with thwarted schemes,—
So, tho' my hopes dissolve in dreams,
I will return across the sea
Hopeless, but grateful still to be.
My TAILS, inspired with gratitude intense,
(Perfumed and bathed at Uncle Sam's expense,)
Can ne'er forget the land of shops and shows,
Where HUMBUG leads the people by the nose!

"I only want your WORDS of power:
There is no need at all for war!
I came to claim your sympathy
In the great battle—to be free!
For money, arms, and men I'm here,
Not to make war with, but to scare,
With bold appearances, the Czar;

And frighten despots, till they yield
Up Empires on a bloodless field.

"In days of old, the banner red
Ruled with resistless sway, 'tis said;
The raging powers of steel-clad arm
Took arsenals and forts by storm:
In modern days when reason rules,
And war is only sought by fools,
The moral power of boasting tongues,
The cannon of a great man's lungs,
The fiery eye and fierce *mustache*,
Can break great Empires all to smash!

I rule my household with imperial will—
My eye and whiskers have been known to kill!

And yet I do it, but with looks, not rods—
Looks are the weapons of the immortal Gods!
To win, to kill, beseech, and terrify—
As MARS won VENUS with the same soft eye,
Which, filled with flame, made coward VULCAN fly.
You are so great, that if to say,
That H****ry shall have fair play,
Your word would better be than powder,
And sound than many cannon louder!

"There is no telling how much lies,
Of power, in fierce appearances!
A swaggering gait and bearded chin,
And "swashing outside," oft will win!
Pyrrhus made many an army run
By having all his teeth in one;
And COCLES, with his nose and eyes,
And singular deformities,
Achieved great Roman victories;
And Richard's rude, unfashioned, form
Was more than swords in battle's storm!
Did not the Persian army fly,
In terror, from besieged Delhi,
By artificial thunder scared,
And lightnings which the Priests prepared?
When Brennus led his Gaulish horde,
To throw the Grecians overboard,

Did not the sylvan piper, Pan,
Fill them with terror, till they ran?
With nothing but his pipe to blow,
And huge deformities below?

"Ah! there is a history in these
Small items, glorious prophecies!
And in all histories, you see,
Logic and issues must agree!
My welcome here to-night will ring,
Like knell of death to Czar and King;
And nations will rise up to see
The star of liberty in me!
In me! though small amongst the great
Big statesmen of a towering State!
I am the man, without a doubt,
Who has to turn this world about,
And rip up wrongs which now exist,
With these two weapons—tongue and fist,—

That is, provided you'll endorse,
And come in with dragoon and horse.

"Divine HUMILITY, you see
Personified, this day, in me;
In me,—the God-selected,—who
Stands upright in your startled view!
The fingers which I raise, this hand,
Late using the hot battle brand;
This throat, familiar with your food,
Are actually flesh and blood!
Let him who doubts it, come and feel,
And recognize a human—real!
And this same glowing eye, albeit
With furious inspiration lit,
Blazing for war, with milder light,
Oft languishes in woman's sight!
I am not always what you see,
For sometimes I am simple—ME!
And when I doff my velvet gown,
And shave away this bristling frown,
And lay aside this lingering blade,
That scorns the sun and courts the shade,
[For which it certainly was made—
Except for peaceable parade!]
All think, who see me in undress,
I'm concentrated gentleness!

Therefore, be not deceived when I
Tower so majesterially!
'Tis but the outer man—you gump:—
BAMBOOZLE always was a TRUMP!
A great man, struggling with his woes,
Must look big, to abash his foes!
For all the world, and GOTHAM too,
Are still deceived by outward show.

And have we not a right to steal,
And wear, appearances not real?
Did not white-livered Mercury
Steal Vulcan's tools, and run away,
And put a shop up, to appear
A fillibustering musketeer?
Giving it out, by winks and nods,
That he made weapons for the gods!
Thus rivalling his master, swearing,
His tools were better for sky-warring?
Did not the same mischievous god
Steal Jupiter's gold sceptre—rod
Immaculate! just to appear
As brave a god as Jupiter?
And did he not awhile deceive
The universe with make-believe?
And bring worlds to a pause, to see
Whether 'twas JOVE or MERCURY?
And did not Venus, after kissing
The same God, find her girdle missing?

So, to out-do AMPHYTRION,
Did not great JUPITER put on
Amphytrion's coat, and so decieve
The Prince's wife, and get her leave?
Deluded dame! she surely thought,
(Seeing him wear her husband's coat,)
It was her own much honor'd lord—
And gave him all, without a word!
When—fatal fact! th' indulging dear
Was nobody but JUPITER!
A sweet deception, if you please,
Which gave, to mortals, HERCULES!
Therefore, as logical sequence,
We have a right to make pretence!

In Lilliput, when I was there,
By orders from the EMPEROR,
I was commanded to survey
The man at arms—a rich array!
Oh! how my heart, delighted, beat,
To see these soldiers at my feet!
I needed not a horse to ride,
But opening wide my giant stride,
I let the cohorts pass between
My legs—those brave militia-men!
The swelling drum, the bugle's blast,
The cavalry advancing past,
The infantry with monkey coats,
And leather buckles round their throats,

Combined to make the scene a great
And lasting honor to the state!

One thing there was the scene to mar,
And rend, with shouts, the atmosphere:
My pantaloons—but little worn,
Had, in the seat, been sadly torn,*
Which, to the soldiers, passing through,
Exposed my shirt to public view!
A fact, however strange to you,
Absolutistically true!

---

* The rent in Gulliver's breeches is but a literal translation of the fact as related of that great adventurer.—*See Gulliver's Travels.*

Had I been wise—experience teaches—
I should have borrowed Marcy's breeches!

"There be who think my MISSION here
A failure; they are deaf, I fear;
The shouts which fall upon mine ear,
Bring different music. Cold to me,
May calculating statesmen be;
And wisdom-heads, with ice of years,
May tremble in their tottering fears,
And plead, with declamation rare,
And warn the people to beware!
I care not for their feeble speech!
Who heeds, when Antiquaries preach?
The people's answering voice shall ring,
And drown this garrulous gossiping.

"The hoarded thoughts of studious years
Must fall before the people's cheers;
The mighty people, who can think
Correctly, always, by instinct,
And roll up, in a single minute,
A thought which has more wisdom in it,
Than grave discourses, writ by sages,
And covering many printed pages!
The Orator who stands so high,
Commanding Senates with his eye,
Is not as wise, by far, as they,
Who ply the hammer all the day,

And go forth, in the night, to see
And recognize a prodigy—
As they have often done—in me!
One single intellectual heave
Of congregated crowds, doth leave
But little for the wise man's art;
The People—governed by the heart
And not the head—are always right,
And clamorous for the far-off fight.

"The glorious People! did not they
Sustain Napoleon yesterday!
And make him King without a fray?
The glorious People! don't they go
To see great Lola, at the show,
And clap her, whether she will or no?

"When Roman liberty grew proud,
And Cato's voice disturbed the crowd,
Did not the glorious people bring
Great Caesar in to make him King!
Seeing that his almighty stride
Could Roman Senates over-ride!
In Athens, when the people played
The Monarch, and the Empire swayed,
Did not the Areopagus,
The People's Congress, make a fuss,
And fix themselves to ostracise,
When any man grew very wise?

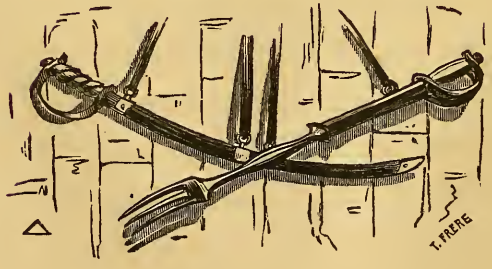
And was it not the folks of Greece
That kill'd old dotard Socrates?
And do you not grow wild with glee,
In looking on my sword and me?
Inspiring thoughts of Liberty!
And is not this enough to show,
That PEOPLE more than STATESMEN know?
Ah! who in all this crowd can doubt
That I will work my wishes out
In this great land, with such as ye
To shout for glorious H****ry?

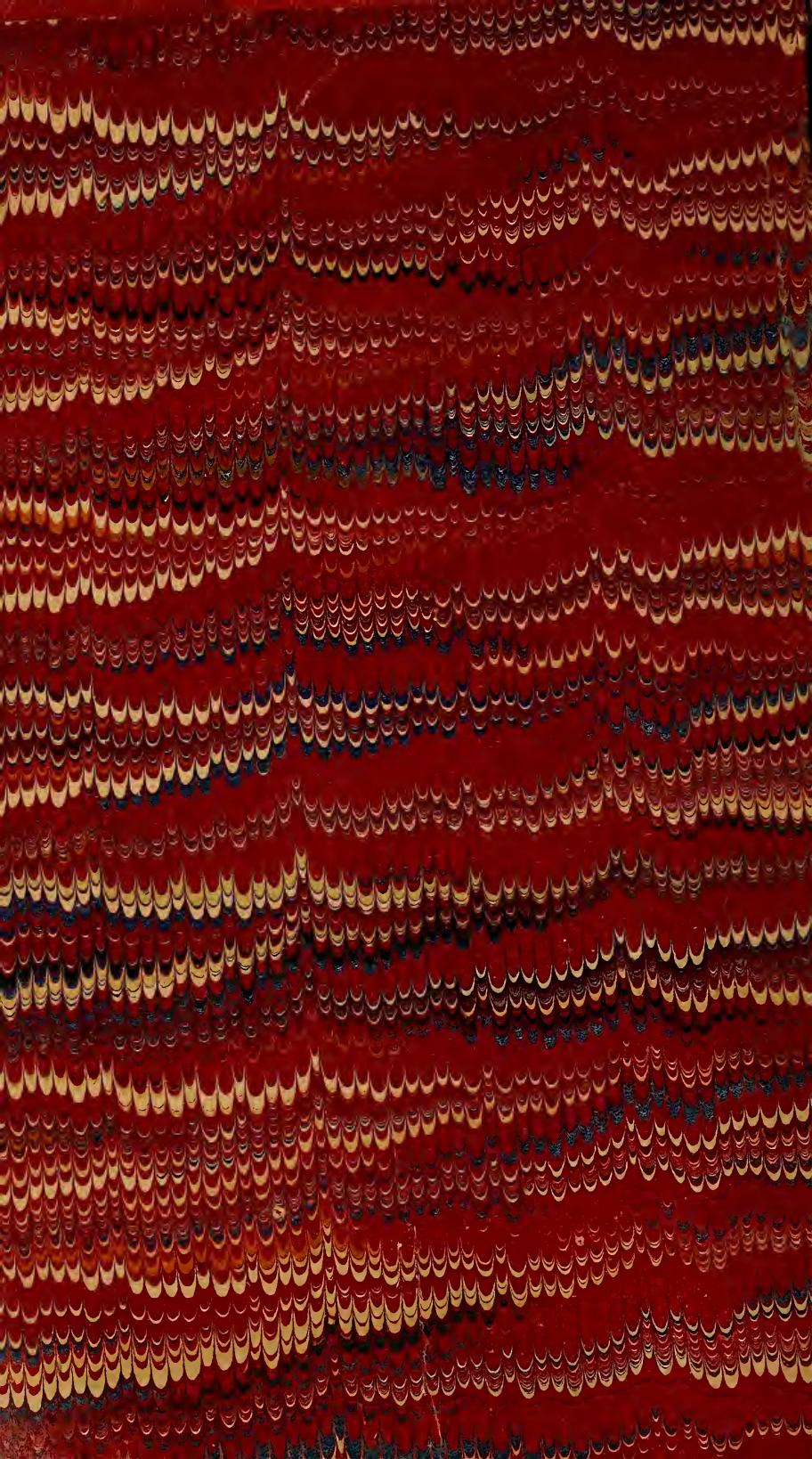
"I see before me many wise
And noble men of different size;
From five-foot three to six-foot four,—
Some with less belly, some with more:
There must be, at this very feast,
Ten embryo Presidents, at least!
Each with his Secretaries pick'd
To keep him company when lick'd.
Well, one and all, I wish ye grace,
And speed in the ensuing race;
At present I am quite content!
But be not over confident;
For should the people urge too hard,
(I do but put you on your guard,)
Another nag will take the track,
Or you must pay my passage back!"

At this announcement, heard or no,
The graceful traveller bowed low!
While no one noticed that the spear,
Entangled 'twixt his legs, came near
Upsetting him! he backward fell
As graceful as Apollo Bel,

And caught himself upon the chair,
Which happened to be waiting there.

* * * * *





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